

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

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October 28, 1942



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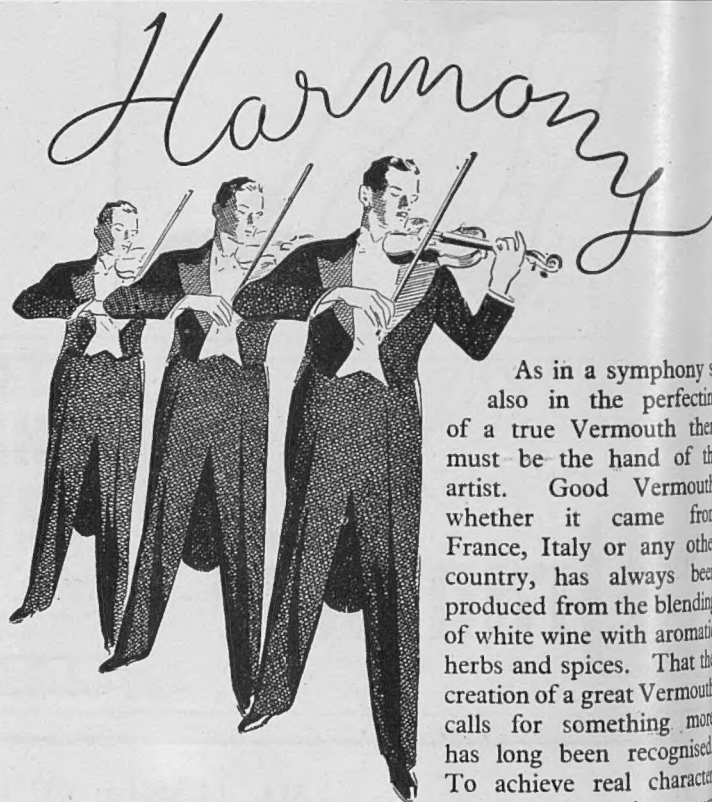


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John Vickers

The Importance of Being Algernon

After twenty-five years of musical comedy and revue, Cyril Ritchard has courageously entered the ranks of the legitimate. As Algernon Moncrieff, in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, he is proving the most successful Algy since Allan Aynesworth, who first appeared in the part in 1895. He is surrounded by an experienced cast of such brilliance that a lesser actor might well have been dangerously overshadowed. Not so Cyril Ritchard. Even in the company of such great artists as Edith Evans, John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, he holds his place and a special cheer was reserved for him after the first night's performance. More about this production—which unfortunately is to run for a very short season only—will be found on pages 102 and 103



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Historic Occasion

GENERAL SMUTS's address to Members of both Houses of Parliament was historic as much for the thoughts he projected to the world as for the occasion itself and the meeting-place. The arrangements to enable this sage Empire statesman to meet Parliament illustrate our peculiar genius for compromise. Without parting with the past, the authorities moulded precedent and blended usage with modern progress. Under the Constitution it is not possible for any but a Member of Parliament to address either House, and certainly not both Houses in session. This is different from the practice in the Dominions and the United States Congress. Often there have been occasions when politicians would like to have done away with precedent. Here was one. But after due consideration it was decided that if General Smuts could not speak in the House of Lords or in the House of Commons, a suitable place should be found.

At first it was intended that the General's speech should be broadcast direct. Reasons of security caused this plan to be reconsidered, and then precedent stepped in. If there was a direct broadcast of General Smuts's speech it would not be long before there were demands for the broadcasting of other speeches. So it was decided that a record should be taken for broadcast after the ceremony was over.

The occasion was historic also in the personalities it brought together. Mr. Lloyd George, who next January will be eighty, and is Father of the House of Commons, presided. Next to him was Mr. Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister. All three of these vivid personalities played their parts in

the last war. All three have been tested by time and experience. All three have different, but equally dynamic, characters. All three are a testimony to the real value of democratic institutions.

First Lady Here

WELCOME to Mrs. Roosevelt. Many times in her crowded married life she has deputised for her husband. But this is the most important occasion. She has come to Britain at the invitation of the King and Queen because President Roosevelt cannot leave Washington. Therefore, she is doubly welcome. Frank, outspoken, courageous, politically minded is Mrs. Roosevelt. She has filled the position of First Lady of America with great dignity longer than any of her predecessors. None can doubt that this has been a great strain, but in London she has shown how great is her vitality. Everywhere she has been, and everything she has seen, has called forth her quick interest. President Roosevelt is sure to get a faithful eyewitness account of life in this country from his wife. Theirs has been a remarkable partnership in marriage. On the edge of forty, President Roosevelt was suddenly stricken with infantile paralysis. All his ambitions crashed at once. With the aid of Mrs. Roosevelt it was not long before he was rebuilding them. The effort was a blending of his indomitable courage and her inspiration. Many men would have given up all political activity in such circumstances; most women would have despaired. They just fought on.

Women at War

WHILE in this country Mrs. Roosevelt is collecting information about the organisation of the various Women's Services. She is as



Wife and Sister at the Palace

Mrs. Mould, widow of Squadron Leader P. W. O. Mould, D.F.C., killed in action, went to the Palace to receive the bar to the D.F.C., awarded to her late husband. Her sister-in-law, Flight Officer Mould, was with her

equally interested in the Civil Defence and Red Cross workers as she is in the Women's Auxiliary Services. Before coming to London Mrs. Roosevelt had got a fairly deep insight into the organisation of the ATS from Mrs. Jean Knox, who was her guest at the White House. Her talks with Mrs. Knox caused Mrs. Roosevelt to tell the people of America that in war work women need not lose their womanliness. She was sure of this after having seen Mrs. Jean Knox. After visiting camps in this country where women are stationed, going down to London's East End to watch women at work there, and inspecting several factories Mrs. Roosevelt will have many more positive facts to tell the United States of what women have done for Britain in this war. Amid all this, Mrs. Roosevelt is finding time to visit her old school in Surrey, where she was known as "Totty."

Financial Tales

HIDING from the limelight has been another important visitor from America, Mr. Henry Morgenthau. He has spent much of his time



On Board H.M.S. Howe

Lieutenant Viscount Curzon, R.N.V.R., one of the ship's officers, and his father, Commodore Earl Howe, R.N.V.R., attended the commissioning service on board H.M.S. Howe, one of the two new battleships recently to join the Fleet. They are direct descendants of the famous Admiral, after whom the ship is named



A Visit to India House

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Indian Comforts Fund Dépôt at India House not long ago. While there she saw Indian women packing parcels for Indian prisoners of war. Earlier the same day H.R.H. had been to Derby House to see the gifts of silver to be sold for the Red Cross



Dr. and Mrs. J. Gunn, of Wirral, Cheshire, received both the Victoria Cross and the Military Cross awarded to their son, Second Lieutenant George Gunn, R.H.A. The King presented 140 posthumous decorations for gallantry



Mrs. Cole-Hamilton, widow of Lieutenant David Cole-Hamilton, and her father-in-law, Canon Cole-Hamilton, went together to the investiture to receive the D.S.O. and bar won by Lieutenant Cole-Hamilton



Another posthumous V.C. was that of Captain James Jackman, of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, given by the King to his mother. Mrs. Jackman, seen holding the Cross, was accompanied to the Palace by her daughter

Posthumous Awards Presented to the Next of Kin at Buckingham Palace

with Sir Kingsley Wood and officials of the Treasury. Important decisions have been reached for the purpose of ensuring financial co-operation between London and Washington now and in the days after the war. Obviously, the discussions have been carried on amid the strictest secrecy, but Mr. Morgenthau has been a tried friend of this country, and therefore the atmosphere has been cordial. Before the United States entered the war, Mr. Morgenthau was one of Mr. Roosevelt's ministers who was always in favour of all-out aid for this country. Similarly he believes that Britain and the United States must, between them, rescue Europe after the war, feed the starving, find work for the unemployed, and gradually set the various countries on their feet once more.

This is certain to have been one of the foremost questions discussed by Mr. Morgenthau, but there are other problems directly affecting this country. One is the purchasing power of the American troops. They are able to spend more than our soldiers and some of our civilians, and unless there is some control, difficulties lie ahead.

Hess Stunt

FROM Soviet Russia the propagandists are demanding that Hess should be put on trial at once as a war criminal. As usual, the Leftists in this country are taking up the cry. What's behind this latest stunt? It certainly is not as crystal clear as the demands would imply. The Communists are not agitating because they want to see Hess tried. It seems to me that there is some other purpose. Whatever it is, the British Government will have to speak out plainly.

In Washington, Mr. Cordell Hull has declared that it would be impracticable to try war criminals piecemeal. The Prime Minister will have to say something equally definite. This propaganda stunt must be killed at once, otherwise it will grow as great as the Second Front cry. If we were to try Hess now, Goebbels would be given invaluable help to gird the weary limbs of the poor deluded Germans.

Colonial Talks

SIR GEORGE GATER, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, is in Washington for talks with American officials. His visit is of the highest importance, and is likely to lead to far-reaching decisions affecting the colonial policies of both Governments.

Since the United States has leased defence bases in various British colonies problems have arisen which must be settled. Sir George Gater has had a remarkable career in public service. For many years he was an official of the London County Council until he was transferred to Whitehall on the advice of Mr. Herbert Morrison, who had reason to know of his ability and character.

Air Development

SIR WILFRID FREEMAN has retired from the Royal Air Force to become Chief Executive at the Ministry of Aircraft Production. Sir Wilfrid will direct research and development of aircraft. This is a highly important task, and none could be better fitted for it than Sir Wilfrid. He has a keen, incisive mind, and at fifty-four is full of ideas and energy. Equalling production in importance is research. In the swiftness of modern war, victory must go to those who have seized and developed last-minute ideas. Sir Wilfrid Freeman has concentrated on these problems for several years, and much of the credit for the Lancaster bomber

belongs to him. His place as Vice-Chief of the Air Staff will be temporarily filled by Air Vice-Marshal C. E. H. Medhurst. He has been an Assistant Chief of the Air Staff for some time, and is forty-five. For several years Air Vice-Marshal Medhurst was Air Attache in Rome.

Commando in Politics

THE election of a rector at Aberdeen University is always an important event. Many prominent men have filled the post, including the late Lord Birkenhead, and more recently Rear Admiral Evans of the Broke. The forthcoming election, however, promises to be more interesting than ever, for Sir Stafford Cripps is opposed by Lord Louis Mountbatten. It is bound to be a close contest. Sir Stafford apparently has many supporters in the University, where there is a strong political element, but Lord Louis Mountbatten's career has glamour which appeals to many of the undergraduates. In Aberdeen my friends tell me that they are wary of forecasting the result. But the odds are said to be slightly in favour of Lord Louis.



Air Chief Marshal Sir Wilfrid Freeman was recently appointed Chief Executive to the Ministry of Aircraft Production where he will co-ordinate and direct production and research. On taking up his new duties he retired from the R.A.F. and from the Air Council.



Walter Stoneman

Two New Appointments

Air Vice-Marshal C. E. H. Medhurst, Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Intelligence), is to act temporarily as Vice-Chief of Air Staff, and becomes an additional member of the Air Council while serving in that capacity.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Subject for Hollywood

SOMEbody asked me the other day why the English film deliberately turns its back on the best in English life and letters. Why we carefully avoid filming the best plays and the best novels. I think part of the answer lies with the restrictions imposed on English filming by the nature of the English countryside. Elstree, Denham, Teddington—these are charming places—but it must be pretty difficult to make the Thames look like the Amazon, and I doubt whether the scenery of Surrey is adequate to reproducing the Himalayas and the Sahara Desert. There are always Box Hill and Ripley Common, but that is not quite the same thing.

At this point the reader asks: What exactly are these great plays and novels which we ought to film and don't? And I reply: What about *Antony and Cleopatra*? Just think of it. First of all pictorially, with that endless background of the Nile, and the pyramids and the great Sphinx beyond. The scene on the barge. The burning desert. The picturesque crowds, the Egyptian splendour, the Roman glitter. The sea fight. Antony's leave-taking in the monument. Cleopatra dying, sitting upright on her throne. And then think of the emotional sequence—the love-making, the bickering, and the high, tragic end.

There would have to be concessions, for I am not one of those who believe that undiluted Shakespeare would go down with the English cinema public. And you and I, dear reader, know it isn't a question of what we are going to like over here, but what will go down with the American public of the Middle West. For there is no doubt that only Hollywood would be able to cope with a film of this magnitude.

Now let us not be too uppish in this matter of elaborating and supplementing our greatest poet. Before me I have a popular

edition of Shakespeare. I know the edition is popular for two reasons. First, it has an introduction by Mr. St. John Ervine, and second, because of the dreadful illustrations. To *Antony and Cleopatra* two of these illustrations are allotted—a coloured one in which Cleopatra in her barge does her best to excite Roman concupiscence by a display of Edwardian coquetry, meaning that Alma Tadema had been to see Mrs. Langtry as the Egyptian Queen and liked it. The other illustration is entitled "Cleopatra Watching Trials of Poison on Slaves." Well, I should have no objection to this scene, which, of course, is not contained in the play itself, provided it was acted in dumb show. But in no circumstances should I allow the addition of a single word to the Bard's dialogue. And here I am prepared to make the director the present of a suggestion. This is that he should take a copy of Théophile Gautier's story, *Une Nuit de Cléopâtre*, and get somebody to English it for him. He would find the justification of Hollywood in this passage:

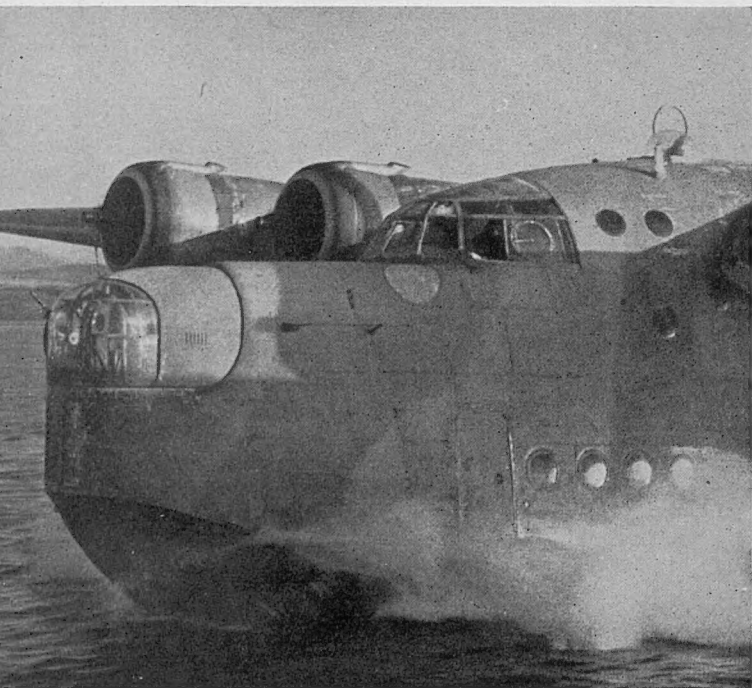
The modern globe is small indeed in comparison with the antique world. Our feasts are mean set against the fearsome sumptuosities of the Roman patrician and the Asiatic prince, whose most ordinary meals would pass in these days for frenzied orgies. A whole town could subsist for a week on the dessert which a Lucullus would offer to a few friends. Hardly can our miserable imagination conceive the ways in which the past monstrously exceeded the possible. In none of our palaces would Caligula have stabled his horse. . . .

And so and so forth. Which shows that the French author did not foresee Hollywood. But alas, I am afraid that the details of the story would never fit in a Hollywood scenario! Cleopatra, you see, has been unfaithful to her Roman lover, Antony, at a price: that price being the suicide of her humble adorer. "By

Hercules," says Antony, entering the banquet hall at dawn, "I see that supper is over." And then, dropping into the vernacular, he adds: "Sorry I'm late. What's that corpse doing over there?" "Oh, nothing," replies Cleopatra, "I was trying out a new poison. Tony dear, come and sit by me, and let's watch the new Greek clowns, I hear they're marvelous." Well, that of course would never do. Cleopatra would obviously be claimed by Norma Shearer as a successor to her Juliet and Marie Antoinette. And while the First Lady of the Screen may pretend to be a minx, it can only be a minx, as it were, *in vacuo* and not in action. No, the vision fades. And while I cannot see Norma or any other Hollywood star as Cleopatra, still less do I see Clark Gable as Mark Antony.

HAPPY the country which has no history, and the film about which nothing can be said is nearly always a good film. *Coastal Command* (Plaza and Carlton) is an excellent instructional, even if it is a bit of a jumble. As I remember, *Target for Tonight* was the film of an actual operation. *Coastal Command* pretends to be, and obviously isn't. I confess that I am a little worried about this kind of film. Worried by the essential compromise involved. The fact that this film is sponsored by authority suggests a desire that the public should recognise the truth about the planes which guard our shores and convoys. On the other hand, there is the difficulty of getting the public into the cinema to be instructed.

The only way is to make an entertainment of it with all the inherent untruth involved. The noble musical score of Vaughan Williams is part of that untruth. I imagine that scouting in an aeroplane is a monotonous business in which mental equilibrium is the result of being driven half frantic by boredom and half frenzied by fright. In the cinema we sit back and watch delightful pictures which present not much pleasure to the people concerned, and listen to excellent music unheard by the boys themselves. As I see it the problem is unsolvable. Picturise the actual thing and nobody will go to see it; dramatise it to full houses and the result bears no recognisable relation to the truth. Given the fact that *Coastal Command* could not be really done at all, it is done admirably.



Four Scenes from the Film "Coastal Command," now at the Plaza and Carlton Theatres, which Records

World Premiere for "Coastal Command"

Some of the Distinguished Audience and
the Film They Went To See



The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage sat with Air Marshal Sir Philip Joubert and Lady Joubert. Sir Philip and his Air Staff officers appear in the film

Coastal Command has been made with the full co-operation of the Air Ministry and the Admiralty. It is a full length feature film which tells the story of the activities of Coastal Command. The complete Coastal Command Operations Room was re-constructed in the studio for the purpose of the film and here, in dramatic form, audiences may see just what takes place when, after days of routine search and patrol work, the whole fighting strength of Coastal Command springs into life on receiving the signal that an enemy surface raider has been sighted



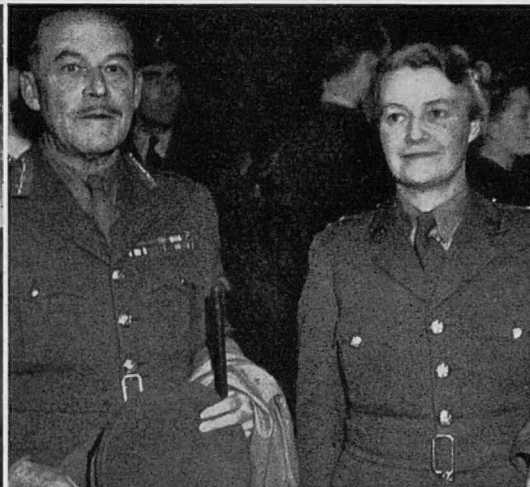
Group Officer Wynne Eyton was one of the many high W.A.A.F. officers who attended. All the cast of the film are serving members of the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F.



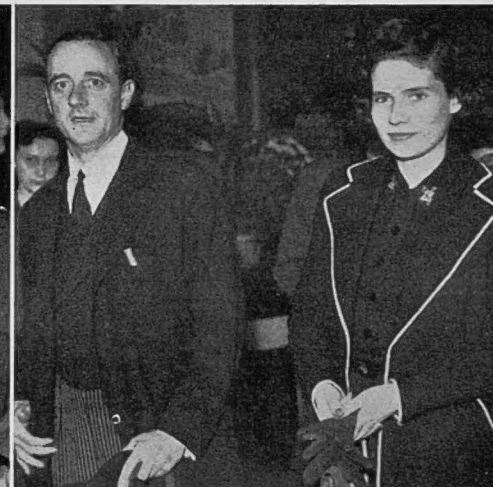
Air Marshal Richard Peck, Assistant Chief of Air Staff (General), brought Mrs. Peck. The film has aroused great interest in all ranks of the R.A.F.



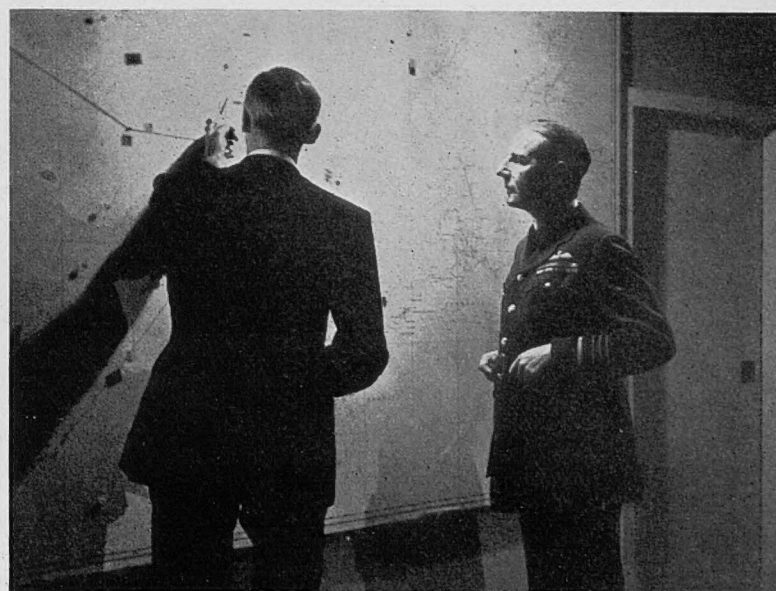
Dr. Vaughan Williams, who wrote the music for the film, sat with Mrs. Wood. They are chatting to a member of the W.A.A.F. who sold programmes



Two in khaki were General and Mrs. Liardet. General Liardet is Chief of Airdrome Defence. His wife is in charge of a London A.A. unit



Lord and Lady Sherwood came together. Lady Sherwood was formerly the Hon. Mrs. Roger Chetwode and is the daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Camrose



ue Realism the Activities of the Service which Protects the Home Waters Surrounding Our Island Fortress

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Importance of Being Earnest (Phoenix)

THIS revival should gratify those who regard *The Importance of Being Earnest* as the wittiest comedy in the language. For sheer banter, indeed, it would be difficult to rival. Claims to supremacy might be made on behalf of Congreve's *The Way of the World*, whose chief characters, literary style, and selected scenes are incomparable. But for sustained wit, that audacious verbal brilliance which surprises and delights, Wilde has no equal. Moreover, these comic beauties are enshrined in style, the prime preserver, and do not stale; though set in a period whose externals are Edwardian, their virtues are ageless and defy the passage of time.

Opinions may differ concerning the high spots. But whether the second act really is less brilliant than the first and third, depends, I fancy, not so much on the text's intrinsic merits, as on the note struck and sustained by the

quaque. On her lips the interjection: "A hand-bag!" interrogatively thundered, awakes cosmic echoes. So, one feels, may Juno, pumping Jupiter for particulars of one of his more exotic amours, have voiced disapproval and dubiety, before paying off old scores and registering new. The very footlights seem to hold their light and listen while Jack Worthing finesses his reply; and when it is delivered we breathe and are able to laugh again.

THERE are other beauties, of course, which pair off and set to partners with comedic symmetry. The young ladies—Gwendolen, that chip of the maternal block, and Cecily, mistress of the retort feline and the nice conduct of a watering-can—are once more endowed with Miss Ffrangcon-Davies's arts and Miss Peggy Ashcroft's graces. And, rising from vaudeville to high comedy, Mr. Cyril Ritchard arrives, a little breathless perhaps in this rarefied air, but game to do justice to Algy. A certain first-night nervousness, which did his intentions no discredit, may have sent those crumbs of cucumber sandwich the wrong way, and allowed him later, as a wolfer of muffins, to paint the lily of comedy with the gilt of farce, and so ruffle the surface of Mr. Gielgud's polished composure. That arch twirl of the cane, too, with which he snatches a laugh while deprecating Cecily's estimate of his character, is like a wink at the audience and out of key. Mr. Gielgud's performance is admirable. Wearing his clothes, as he enunciates his lines, in style, his performance is as speckless and smooth as the part and its wit demand.

There remain Dr. Chasuble's latest and perfect incumbent, Mr. J. H. Roberts, whose performance, suavely canonical and demurely juicy, is a beauty; and Miss Jean Cadell's ineffable Prism, a cut crystal that refracts all the rays of the spinsterial spectrum including the infra red. From that forbidding boater to the flares of her blue serge walking-skirt she is all that Egeria was not and character comedy is.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Algy, the man about town, seeks the source of his friend's "bumbling" (Cyril Ritchard, Peggy Ashcroft)

actress who plays Lady Bracknell. It certainly would seem so here; for the outstanding feature of this revival is its dominance by Miss Edith Evans. Never before can Wilde's wit have been pointed, or Lady Bracknell personified, with such style. Miss Evans lifts the metropolitan to the olympian in one of those rare performances that give rise to legend. With her arrival, heralded by that Wagnerian ring, Algy's rooms in Piccadilly assume the tension of a main platform at Euston achieving "The Flying Scotsman." She comes, she sees, she annihilates. And when she departs, the local traffic recovers interest, and lesser trains their steam.

Her looks, deportment, and speech are high comedy in ripe fulfilment. From the Edwardian millinery that, august as the turrets of Cybele, crowns her, to the hem of her period confectionery, she is superbly upholstered. An immaculate jabot, daunting as snows on Helicon, foams on her buttressed bosom. The insolent drawl in her speech, rising and falling with the majesty of the Funds, makes mere mortals



The prim governess and the celibate curate with amorous inclinations (Jean Cadell, J. H. Roberts)

Its sheer entertainment apart, this revival is an object lesson in how to write and act high comedy. The verbal cadence, the pointing of the speeches, and the sheer placing of its brilliant epithets are lovely, and may be trusted (as good players know) to do their own work without adventitious emphasis. Miss Evans demonstrates this as only such an actress can. She does not fizzle her attack or flog the fun. She never snatches at second-rate laughter. Launched, she commands the tide like the Queen Mary, and uses it triumphantly. Our laughter does not incommode her; she imposes rhythm even on that. Her performance, in short, is as faultless as funny.

Lilac Time (Stoll)

THIS very different revival should thrive on its charming music, its workmanlike production, and distinguished cast, which includes Miss Irene Eisinger, who sings Schubert as enchantingly as if he were Mozart, and Mr. George Graves, who points his so-so patter as if it were Molière.



John Worthing, J.P., presents his suit to the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax (Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, John Gielgud)



Magnificently upholstered, Lady Bracknell makes an entrance in the finest traditions (Edith Evans)

"The Importance of Being Earnest"

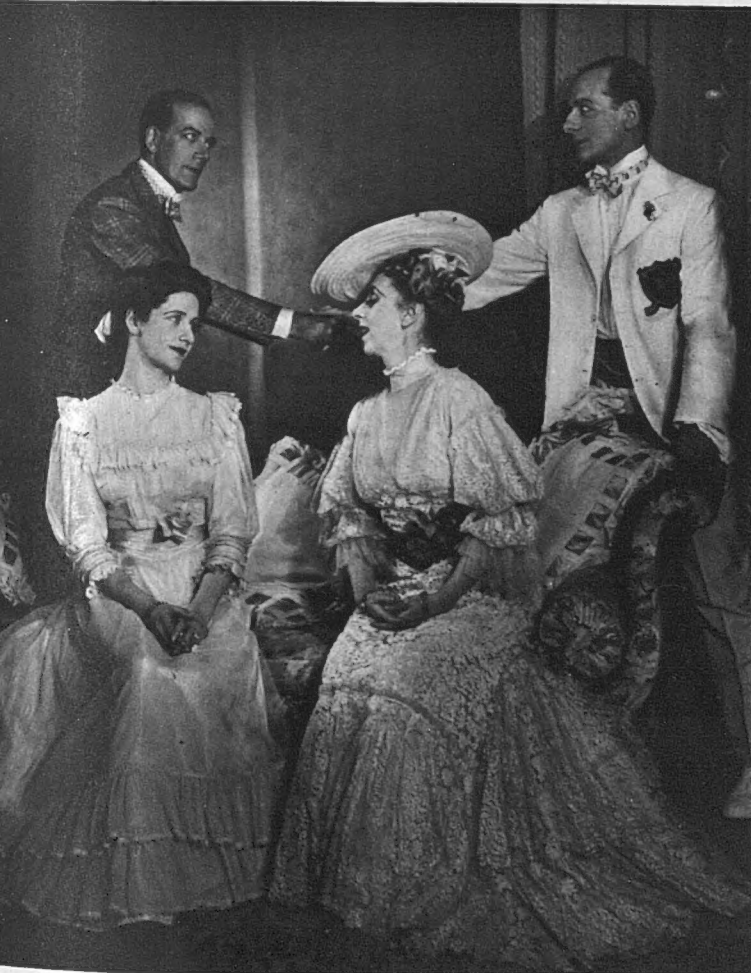
John Gielgud Gathers a Brilliant Cast Together for His 1942 Revival of Oscar Wilde's Delicious Comedy



Algeron: "No cucumbers!"

Lady Bracknell is particularly partial to cucumber sandwiches. So is her nephew, Algeron, who has already devoured the plateful provided by Lane. (Cyril Ritchard, Deering Wells, Edith Evans)

Photographs by John Vickers



Gwendolen: "How absurd to talk of the equality of the sexes. Where questions of self-sacrifice are concerned, men are infinitely beyond us"

The wisdom of Gwendolen's remark is not lost on Algeron and John Worthing (Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Cyril Ritchard and John Gielgud)



Worthing: "Poor Ernest! He had many faults, but it is a sad, sad blow" John Worthing, J.P., has created a fictitious brother in order that he may at times escape his responsibilities. The prospect of marriage makes the immediate disposal of Ernest imperative (J. H. Roberts, John Gielgud, Jean Cadell)

John Gielgud provides a feast of entertainment worthy of the highest traditions of the theatre in his revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Edith Evans's performance as Lady Bracknell is exquisite, sufficient in itself to justify another revival of this most excellent comedy. Add to this a cast which includes John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Peggy Ashcroft, Jean Cadell, J. H. Roberts and Cyril Ritchard, and you have an entertainment which should tickle the palate and satisfy the appetite of the most critical connoisseur

Lady Bracknell: "Cecily, you may kiss me!"

Lady Bracknell, on hearing of Cecily's fortune, decides to recognise the engagement of her nephew. (Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, Cyril Ritchard)



On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

London After the War

THE KING is intensely interested in the plans now being discussed for the future rebuilding of London, although so far he has given no indication of his own ideas. At a recent lecture given by Sir Charles Bressley at Burlington House, however, I noticed Sir Alan Lascelles, the Earl of Harewood's cousin and Assistant Private Secretary to his Majesty, listening intently. Sir Alan is known as the "Empire Expert" at Buckingham Palace; he was Private Secretary to the Governor-General of Canada for a long period. He married Viscount Chelmsford's daughter in 1920, and they have a son, now in the Guards, and two daughters.

Incidentally, the King is delighted at his elder daughter's success stag-hunting. Princess Elizabeth shot her first stag during her recent holiday at Balmoral.

Greek Art for the Red Cross

BURLINGTON HOUSE, too, was the scene of an unusually full gathering of the Corps Diplomatique when the Greek Art Exhibition was opened by King George of the Hellenes. The King appeared in Greek naval uniform (which is very like our own Royal Navy) instead of his more usual khaki, one broad and four thin rings denoting His Majesty's rank as Admiral of the Royal Hellenic Navy. Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, Ambassador of Belgium and doyen of the Corps, was there, his white moustache as carefully brushed as ever, his face smiling as he greeted his colleagues. M. Maisky was another notable figure, and I saw Major Howard Kerr, the Duke of Gloucester's equerry, with his mother, as well as Lieut.-Colonel Humphrey Butler, whom the King made a Commander of the Victorian Order a week or two ago in recognition of his services to the late Duke of Kent. King George, examining his countrymen's work through his monocle, talked learnedly on art matters to the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Edwin Lutyens, and showed a really deep acquaintance with both British and Greek art, which may have surprised some of his hearers, unaware that, during his years of exile in London, King George was one of Queen Mary's consultants on all art matters.

Exhibits There

THE exhibits are beautifully arranged and intensely interesting. There are casts of famous statues, including the so-well-known Venus of Melos and the lovely Hermes of Praxiteles; a magnificent head of the marble Apollo, central figure of the West Pediment of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia; a modern costume lent by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent; a copy of the gold "Cup of Nestor"; lovely jewellery of Minoan origin; and ornaments, weapons and clothes covering fifty centuries of Greek culture.

Salisbury "Swan Song"

SALISBURY played her "swan song" in racing, for this season, there on Saturday. It was fine but windy, and there was a much bigger attendance than there has been at this meeting for a long time. The Earl and Countess of Pembroke, whose lovely home, Wilton, is so near the course, were two of the first people I saw. Next I ran into the Countess of Rosebery; she spends most of her time in Scotland now, where she is Administrator of the W.V.S. for South-East Scotland—a big undertaking. In pre-war days Lady Rosebery was a regular racegoer, but this season has only been racing two or three times. She was accompanied by her only daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, and her niece, the Hon. Sheila Digby; later her son, the Hon. Ronald Strutt, who is stationed not too far off, managed to get over to join them. Lady Cunliffe Owen, whose husband had two runners during the afternoon, was talking to Mrs. Wilkinson, who used to own some good racehorses. Lady Stavordale was there with her husband. Lady Weymouth, looking very lovely, was chatting to Mr. Robin Wilson. Young Viscountess Erleigh, hatless and in a suit of very big checks, was talking to the Hon. Anthony Mildmay and Captain Peter Cazalet. (Lady Erleigh and her husband have got a small house quite near, in the same village where Captain and Mrs. Cazalet have taken a small farm). Lord and Lady Sefton were there to see some of his horses run, and others I saw were Mr. and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, with Lady

Andrew Cavendish, one of the lovely Mitford sisters, who was also hatless; Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Pease, Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, giving news of her husband who is laid up, Mrs. John Dennistoun and her mother, Mrs. Court, and Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams. Mr. James Rank came over from his home, Druids Lodge, which is quite near, and had the satisfaction of seeing his nice filly Why Hurry win the first race. Major "Cardie" Montague was beaming with delight when his filly Trouble won the last race, and was being congratulated by Lord and Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Sofer Whitburn and Lady Essex. The last-named said she had had a very good day, having followed her own inclinations rather than the favourites, ending up with backing Trouble at 10-1. I gather Trouble got quite a lot of people out of trouble, after a difficult day from the betting side, as only one joint-favourite won during the afternoon. Mrs. Marsh, whose husband, Marcus Marsh, trained Windsor Lad when he won the Derby, and is now a prisoner of war, was looking very pretty in the paddock chatting to Mr. Losden. She will always be remembered best as Eileen Bennett.

Amongst the men were Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Cosmo Crawley (in very good form), Mr. Ralph Cobbold, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Mr. John Pearson, Captain Peter Herbert, Captain John Baillie, who owned that good horse Firle; Captain Julian Ward, Mr. Harry Cottrell, Mr. Sofer Whitburn and Mr. George Beeby, who had yet another Saturday winner!

Week-end Around Town

AT the Ritz the other day I met the Marchioness of Tavistock, looking very smart in a scarlet coat and black hat. She always stays at the Ritz when she is in London and can tear herself away from her baby son, Lord Howland, who I hear is an adorable child. He was born at the Ritz, Lady Tavistock having had no London home since the war. Also lunching here quietly on a Sunday I found pretty Mrs. Bernard Rubin, a factory worker nowadays, and Mr. Philip Dunne. Mrs. Rubin, who is the young widow of Bernard Rubin, was Audrey Simpson, one of the three pretty Simpson sisters, before her marriage. Her sister Mona who is married to the Hon. Jock Leith, of Glenkindie, has just given birth to a son. Colonel and Mrs. Mark Sykes were together, and Miss Blanche Rowe was lunching à deux, as was fair Mrs. Williams, who is, I think (though I have not heard the opinion expressed elsewhere), so like Lady Diana Cooper. Claridge's have been having their share of the film world lately. Noel Coward and Sir Alexander Korda, who received his



The Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster Give an At Home in London

Colonel Tang, the Chinese Military Attaché in London, and his wife, were guests of Councillor and Mrs. Stanley Edgson, Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, at their recent At Home. In this picture they are with their hostess, Mrs. Edgson. There were over six hundred guests at the party, including many diplomats and members of Allied governments.

Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar Nasmith, V.C., and Lady Louis Mountbatten, she in the uniform of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, of which she is Superintendent-in-Chief, were at the Mayor of Westminster's At Home. Admiral Nasmith was C-in-C., Plymouth, from 1938 to 1941.



Here Comes the Bride—and Bridegroom: Three Recent London Weddings

Mr. Walter James Latimer Willson, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Sir Walter and Lady Willson, married the Hon. Anne Mildred Curzon, eldest daughter of Major Viscount and Viscountess Scarsdale, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Mr. R. C. Mitchell-Cotts, Irish Guards, and Miss Barbara Throckmorton, only daughter of the late Captain H. J. A. Throckmorton, R.N., were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street. He is the younger son of the late Sir William Mitchell-Cotts and Lady Mitchell-Cotts

The Hon. F. N. W. Cornwallis, Coldstream Guards, only son of Lord and Lady Cornwallis, and Miss Judith Lacey Scott, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Lacey Scott, of Ashcroft Wadhurst, Sussex, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

knighthood from the King the other day, were dining together; Rex Harrison was with Carol Reed, the successful young producer, and on his way out of the restaurant Robert Donat stopped and had a word with these two. Another young member on the producing side of the film business was Colin Lesslie who was lunching with his very pretty wife; he has given up films for the duration as he is serving in the Irish Guards.

Sunday "Special"

UNLIKE week-ends in peacetime, London restaurants seem to be particularly crowded on Sundays now. At one, I saw Lady Rosemary Vernon and her husband; also the Hon. Mrs. Innes (Nefertari Bethell that was). At another the Marchioness of Cambridge was with a woman friend. Pretty Mrs. Cameron, hatless, had a very young "girl friend," aged about four years, lunching with her. She behaved beautifully, and kept up a most amusing conversation

with her hostess right through the meal. Captain Jack Profumo, M.P., in khaki, was accompanied by one of his sisters, in a nice scarlet coat, and Mrs. Peter Behrens had Mrs. Prior Palmer with her. In the evening, Mrs. Rose Fiske came in, looking so nice in a plain tweed suit, and dining with Mr. Tony Gillson and Mr. Dick Warden. Captain "Chatty" Hilton-Green, the very popular Master of the Cottesmore Hounds, was on leave and dining with his wife, who was Lady Helena Fitzwilliam before her marriage, and always known as "Boodley" to her many friends. Captain John Thursby was with a brother officer, and tall Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith came in very late; he is liaison officer to the U.S. Forces.

Out in the Autumn Sunshine

OUR shopping the next morning I met tall Mrs. Vernon Tate, all in black, with a snug little Persian lamb bolero over her

frock, and a few minutes later, I saw Mr. Charles Sweeny hurrying along in his American Army Air Force uniform. He is now a major. Mr. Eric Hatry, in uniform, was with Mr. Carl Hyson, father of Dorothy Hyson. Captain Eric Wood was with his sister-in-law, who was Barbara Jamieson and owned that good horse Irish Stew, which won her a lot of races before the war. Captain Wood is just back from Ireland, where he had spent some of his leave. Miss Lilian Braithwaite was strolling in the park and enjoying the lovely dahlias and beds of chrysanthemums. Colonel Jack Loting was in London for a few hours; he is now in command of one of the regiments guarding aerodromes. His wife and baby son are living at Ascot, in one of the very comfy flats that Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall have converted their stables into; another tenant of the Weigalls in one of these flats is Mrs. Bentinck and her baby,

(Concluded on page 120)



The All-Services Club Entertains Allied Officers

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

M. Lobkowicz, the Czechoslovak Ambassador, and Mme. Lobkowicz, Lady Walker and Lady Ebbisham were four of the guests at a sherry party given by Mrs. Anthony Eden and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook at the All-Services Club, which was founded and equipped by Mrs. Littlejohn Cook

Mrs. Anthony Eden is president of the All-Services Canteen Club, and she and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, the chairman, often give informal parties there to officers of the Allied nations, whose men are members of the Club. Above are Colonel E. Lombard, Chief Liaison Officer for General de Gaulle, M. Jovanovitch, Prime Minister of Yugoslavia, Mrs. Anthony Eden, Lieut.-Col. Richard, Prince Bertil of Sweden, Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, and M. Jan Masaryk, Czechoslovak Foreign Minister

Families in the Country



The Hon. George Ward with His Wife and Daughter

Wing Commander the Hon. George Ward, R.A.F., is the younger of the Earl of Dudley's twin brothers. His wife was Miss Anne Capel, and is the Countess of Westmorland's daughter by her second marriage to Captain Arthur Capel, who died in 1919. The Wards, who were married in 1940, have a daughter, Georgina

(Right) Mrs. Morant is the wife of Lieut. John Morant, R.A., of Brokenhurst Park, Hants., and she has one son, Edward, born last year. She was Miss Margaret Brunner, daughter of the late Major Francis W. Brunner, and her husband is the son of the late Mr. Edward Morant, and of Lady Kathleen Hare, and a cousin of the Earl of Harrington. This picture was taken at Brokenhurst Park



Dennis Moss

Four Generations

Little Fiona Jillian Brassey sat on the knee of her great-grandmother, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Kingscote, when this picture was taken. Behind them is her grandmother, Mrs. V. O. Kingscote, and her mother, Mrs. H. T. Brassey. Her father is serving with his regiment in the Middle East. The Hon. Mrs. Kingscote, who is a daughter of the second Baron Gifford, lives in Cirencester, while her daughter-in-law, granddaughter and the baby live at Pinkney Court, Wiltshire

Mrs. John Morant and Her Son

Compton Collis





Lady Agnes Eyston and Her Children

Compton Collier

Formerly Lady Agnes Savile, the Earl of Mexborough's eldest daughter is the widow of Captain Thomas More Eyston, who died in 1940, of wounds received in action while serving in the Royal Berkshire Regiment. Lady Agnes's four children, photographed with her at their home, Hendred House, Berkshire, are Thomas, John and Mary, who are twins, and Elizabeth



The Miller Mundys at Home

Swade

Captain Peter Miller Mundy and his wife and son, Simon, live at Richmond Hill. He is in the 27th Lancers, and won the M.C. for gallantry during the retreat from Belgium in 1940. Mrs. Miller Mundy was Miss Peggy Clarke before her marriage, and is the daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. A. L. Clarke, and was married in London early in 1941

(Below) The wife of Mr. Michael Asquith was formerly Miss Diana Battye, and is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. P. L. M. Battye, M.C., and her marriage took place in 1938. Mr. Asquith is the Hon. Herbert and Lady Cynthia Asquith's elder son, and a grandson of the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith, and of the ninth Earl of Wemyss. Annabel Asquith was born in 1939

Mrs. Michael Asquith and Annabel



Compton Collier

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FOLLOWING that national poetry recital on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral which recently held up the City traffic, a helpful chap has suggested that a patriotic pageant on the steps of St. Pancras might win the war, especially if Boadicea were in it.

Our feeling is that a whacking great girl playing Boadicea (who had *beaucoup de monde sur le balcon*, as the French say—see her statue on Westminster Bridge) would merely spread public alarm and despondency and cause the entire pageant company to be slung into the cooler by Morrison's Gestapo. Despondency was undoubtedly the idea behind that sardonic jest of Charles II.'s when he got the original Britannia, La Belle Stewart, who also needed no bulwarks, to pose for the coinage. Every time the Island Race looked at a penny it would see a huge well-upholstered Old Roedean Rugby halfback frowning severely at it, which would check its natural levity with a shudder and turn its thoughts to penance and its inevitable doom.

When the French put up that streamlined Britannia at Boulogne a few years ago to commemorate 1914-18 we were among those who protested on moral grounds. Such a svelte, dainty Britannia would never wean a single British stockbroker from chasing blondes, still less exert a much-needed influence for good over the French. However, they persisted, and look at them now.

Gift

COLUMBUS got a pretty good Press for the 450th anniversary of his discovery—or, as Wilde said, "detection"—of the American Continent, and the special-article boys dug up all the old coloured-picture-book clichés and all the ripe old fables, including that one about the mediæval Church denying that the earth was round.

Nobody made the point that, whether Columbus's feat was rash or beneficial, the modern West End stage owes him an eternal debt. For his discovery gave Europe chocolate, among other things, and but for chocolate, as the late *Times* Drama Critic A. B. Walkley once admitted, surveying the serried rows of slowly-moving feminine jaws at matinées, the London theatre could not continue. Walkley might have added that sipped at breakfast in the Spanish way, that is to say rich, thick and hot, with a "chaser" of ice-cold water to follow, chocolate steadies the stomach, fortifies the judgment, and strengthens the nerves for the perusal of *Times* drama criticisms. Tea merely saps your resistance

and you arrive at the end of the column a washed-out wreck.

Footnote

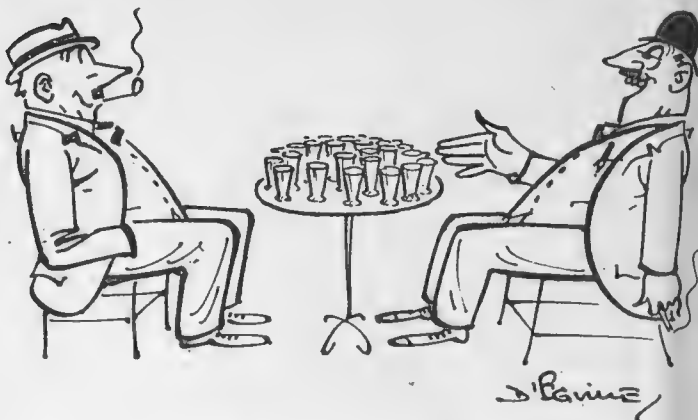
WE haven't time to go into the question of W. G. Grace's bat, which he often used to gnaw with rage when annoyed at the wicket, terrifying the dumbos. Some authorities say it was actually made of chocolate, others marzipan. It's an embarrassing topic for the M.C.C., but cricket has many sissy aspects and it's high time those huge strong ruthless girls got into the game a bit more.

Throwback

BECAUSE a young woman was discovered recently living in a leafy wigwam in the Surrey woods, the excitable Fleet Street boys called it fantastic, which shows they should travel more.

The "poor whites" who haunt the woods of Surrey are mostly City men whom the ordeal of constant living in ornate red villas amid laurels and rhododendrons has driven "native."

They live chiefly in trees, half naked and waving tightly-rolled umbrellas, dictating letters to their half-human female companions, known as seckerterries. At night, under the influence of a narcotic root found



"Shall we have the other half?"

near Newlands Corner, brutish dances are performed, mingled with Voodoo rites directed against the Surrey County Cricket XI., who are greatly hated for their noble lives. Like the natives of the "tobacco-road" area of Georgia (U.S.) these outcasts are not permitted to intermarry with 100-per-cent. whites. On the Sussex border guards patrol constantly, driving them back to the woods.

The yellow faces and glaring eyes of the citizens of Croydon and Godalming are due not to lust, but to fever. See Archdeacon Hobbs, *Square Deals at the Oval*, or *A White Man Looks at Surrey*.

Tiffs

SINCE our leading world-planning boys notoriously know as much about Europe as a sick Eskimo does about Plato, their recent quarrels and splits are apt to throw us personally into a high state of calm.

Our feeling is that what we need now is 50,000 more novelists, male and female, to join in the great planning free-for-all. As you are aware, any booksy boy or girl in this man's country who registers a net sale of over 10,000 becomes automatically a Leader of Thought and is asked by the Fleet Street boys what he or she thinks of God. The more booksy Leaders of Thought, the more false-to blood-feuds. So I showed her my group-plan for joadifying Spain, old man, and she spat on it. I wouldn't stand that, old man. Nor will I, old man, in fact I'm getting Eric and Stinker to get Uncle to give her the works. As a matter of fact I hear Stinker's been double-crossing you, old man, over that plan of Mrs. Gripe's for synthesising Central Europe. Well, if he is, old man, I'll get Archie to cut his liver out. Well, don't cry, old man. It's rage, old man—virile, implacable rage.

You won't think it funny in 1952, when a P.E.N. Club commissar with armed guards calls to search your house for saboteurs belonging to the Free British movement.

Tonic

REPORTING that the most-read poet in suffering France to-day is

(Concluded on page 110)



"They came and took him away last night—for salvage"



Fred Daniels

Anton Walbrook, Refugee from Nazi Germany, Speaks Out for Democracy

Anton Walbrook knows from personal experience something of the terrors and brutality of Nazi-ism. His belief in democracy is rooted in a deep sincerity of purpose unmistakably clear in his recent work on stage and screen. In the picture above, which is one of the great moments in *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, a Technicolor film which is being produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, he is seen as Theo. Kretschmar-Fehuldorff, a tired old man, outcast from Germany, the country to which he has dedicated a life of military service, seeking refuge in England. It is not his first visit, for in the last Great War he spent a considerable time here as a prisoner of war, and in a passionate speech for democracy (written for him by Emeric Pressburger), Walbrook pauses for a moment to recollect the foolish kindnesses of the British people to German prisoners in those days. Anton Walbrook's great speech in *49th Parallel* will long be remembered by all who saw the film. This speech, also written by Emeric Pressburger, has now been recorded in many languages, and is used for British propaganda purposes all over the world.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Charles Péguy, a Sunday paper authority had to go and spoil it by calling Péguy the Rupert Brooke of France.

Except that Péguy was killed in action on the Western Front in 1914, a month after war broke out, at the age of forty, he has about as much in common with Rupert Brooke as we have with Genghis Khan. Péguy's spiritual fire and metaphysical depth make Brooke's verse sound like a clever schoolboy's, if we may say so without offending Mrs. Growle. In his best-known war piece, which begins:

Heureux ceux qui sont morts pour la terre charnelle

Mais pourvu que ce fut dans une juste guerre ... —the second line alone carries a universal philosophy.

If the French are reading Péguy they are giving their national spirit a pretty good tonic, which cannot be said for the fans of poor little Mr. Auden and a few other nervesick, petulant minstrel boys and wilting flowers of the moment.

Smack

THERE'S a good parody of this little group by William Empson, called, reasonably enough, *Just a Smack at Auden*, which begins:

Waiting for the end, boys, waiting for the end,
What is there to be or do?

What's become of me or you?

Sitting two and two, boys, waiting for the end.

There must be something wrong with World War II if it spawns poets like that.

Better British poets fell in action last time—Grenfell, Ledwidge, Wilfred Owen, Sorlay, and the rest. We don't know the answer, or at least we do, but it would seem awfully rude.

Trauma

IN Buenos Aires, according to a special correspondent in Washington, any citizen can walk into a post-office and cable freely to Berlin or Rome. He didn't say how many do. There may be an excuse for this curious urge, especially in the hot season, a traveller tells us.

The Argentine metropolis is laid out with devilish exactitude in perfect rectangles, with avenues straight as a ruler and two or three miles long crossing at regular intervals in each direction. This must be apt to drive a nervous citizen crazy on a hot day, like living with a female member of the Royal Statistical Society in a Euclid problem. Rushing into a post-office and cabling messages to Hitler and Mussolini (maybe rude ones, who knows?) would be a normal form of relief. Freud mentions the case of a Mme. F— of Leipzig who was affected by rectangular architecture and kept cabling love-messages to the Mikado. Asked by a psychopath if her grandmother had ever been chased through a box-factory by a Japanese milkman in a pointed red hat she replied "No, you fool." This reply threw Freud into a quandary requiring three strong psychiatrists and a stout rope to get him out.

There's a sex-explanation for everything, the psycho boys will tell you, and if they don't know it they'll tell you just the same.

There's a sex-explanation for everything, the psycho boys will tell you, and if they don't know it they'll tell you just the same.

Cry

QUAINTEST Emotional Seizure of the Month is probably that of a gossip who passed by Covent Garden recently, noticed the cheap dance posters, and cried in agony that it is a strange reflection on "our national character" that we should neglect opera, even in wartime.

Any musician would tell that boy that apart from a few fanatics and dreamers, the Island Race has always listed opera ("an exotick and irrational entertainment"—Dr. Johnson) among the dubious habits of foreigners, like vice. Even when Puccini slipped a whisky-and-soda into



"But I told you distinctly to bring a friend for Gladys"

one of his operas (a cunning move) it didn't have much effect. It probably wasn't real whisky anyway. Wagner failed likewise to put it across the Race with Brünnhilde's horse in *Götterdämmerung*. It was a real horse, certainly, and exciting enough in its way, but where did it get you?

The suspicion that cunning foreigners are exploiting it accounts, in our mousy view, for the Race's attitude to opera. We took an awfully stout chap to *Pelléas* once at the Opéra-Comique and he said what spoilt it was all that singing. People don't sing when they're dying. We said the French do. Oh, the French.

Jubilee

LAST week's jubilee of the Omar Khayyám Club, which is to be kept in cold storage till peace comes, will give members plenty of time to train for the next opportunity of enjoying *chez Pagani* two of the major pleasures of Life, which are (a) red wine and (b) irony.

Irony is the strong suit of this dining-club, which deflates its important members and guests in after-dinner oratory with the gravest delicacy, like a very nice girl sticking a pin daintily into a fat balloon. The more pompous the bigwig the better, and we guess there are plenty of big bonnets drunk on adulation whose lives have been changed in this way. But, alas, the beaming face of Sir Denison Ross, that eminent and lovable Orientalist, will be seen no more at the top table. He was the only member who could speak and write fluent Persian, and he thought Omar Khayyám a third-rate prune, the great Persian poet being Firdausi.

The Mermaid Tavern may have been something like the Omar Club, we often think. Slogger Bacon, Lord Verulam, at the height of his bribe-receiving racket, would have been an ideal guest of the evening, and Shakespeare could have thanked him in a graceful speech for writing all his (Shakespeare's) plays. To see all those big boys rolling round at the moment, booming and undeflated, makes us quite ill at times, D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"—Yes, Madam, but these people think it's the siren"



Miss Penelope Henderson



Miss Jean Henderson



Miss Catherine Loyd

Penelope and Jean Henderson are the two daughters of the late Mr. Robert Evelyn Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, and their uncle is Sir Neville Henderson, former British Ambassador in Berlin. Jean, who is twenty-three, is in the W.A.A.F., and Penelope, aged nineteen, is working for the American forces. They are the cousins of Sir John Clerke, Bt., of Westbrook House, Chippenham

Catherine Loyd is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Thomas Loyd, of Lockinge House, Wantage. She is working as a V.A.D. nurse. Her father has been Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire since 1938, and was for two years the Conservative M.P. for Abingdon

Young War Workers

Photographs by Harlip



Miss Angela Leaf

Angela Leaf is the daughter of the late Major N. W. Leaf, 15th/19th Hussars, and Mrs. E. J. L. Speed, and her stepfather, Col. Speed, is in the Life Guards. Miss Leaf helps the war effort by working on the land



Miss Diana Cory

Diana Cory is the younger daughter of the late Sir Donald Cory, Bt., and Gertrude Lady Cory, and is a member of the W.R.N.S. Her elder brother is Sir Clinton Cory, Bt., and her sister is Mrs. Walter Woolland



Miss Elizabeth Lawrence

Below: Elizabeth Lawrence, eldest daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Lawrence, is in the A.T.S. Her father, who is Lord Trevelyan's only brother, is a Judge of the High Court, and her mother is a Chief Commander in the A.T.S. Miss Lawrence has one brother and two sisters

The Country Has Its Charms

Actor John Mills and His Playwright Wife,
Mary Hayley Bell, Spend Week-Ends in
Kent with Their Baby Daughter Juliette



The Oast House, near Tonbridge, became the home of the John Mills when they were bombed out of their London flat

After tea, Juliette spends an hour playing with her parents. Hamlet, the cocker spaniel, is worn out, but Juliette is still smiling and ready for anything



Week-ends mean family reunions. Sunday is John Mills's one day

Two very talented members of the British theatrical profession are John Mills and his twenty-eight-year-old wife, Mary Hayley Bell. Mary, who was herself on the stage until her marriage, has just had her first play produced. It is *Men in Shadow*, a war play which is proving most successful at the Vaudeville Theatre. John Mills is playing the lead in his wife's play. He is one of Britain's foremost young stage and screen actors. His performance as Lew in *Men in Shadow* ranks with his brilliant portrayal of George in *Of Mice and Men*, and it will be a long time before his "Shorty" Blake, the very lovable sailor boy in Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve*, is forgotten. John Mills joined the Royal Engineers on the outbreak of war. He became a sergeant, but, unfortunately, after eighteen months' service had to be invalided out of the Service





One week away from the theatre

Photographs by Pictorial Press

Writing-room: a peaceful place where Mary Bell spends happy hours reading and writing



The Oast House stands in an orchard. Kentish cobs, apples, plums and pears have to be picked for the Tonbridge market

This is Hamlet's hour. The master is out for rabbits. He has a healthy respect for good food and is an excellent retriever





Laying Mines in Enemy Waters

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

The scene is the stern of a mine-layer, and the crew are pushing the mines into position. The fat man pulling on a handle is working the conveying gear which drops them over the stern. The mines are resting on their "sinkers," which go overboard with them and fall to the bottom of the sea. Inside these sinkers is the gear which pays out the required length of cable, previously set to allow the mine to float at so many feet below the surface. The mines are contact, as opposed to magnetic or acoustic, and when a ship contacts them, the blow breaks one of the soft metal horns, which has a glass tube with acid inside it. By bending the horn the glass tube is fractured, the acid acts on the detonator and up goes the mine. The concern of the crew in this picture is due to the agile A.B. with the boat-hook, who has got a grip on one of the horns and bent it. Any minute now . . .

Six of Britain's Fighter Boys

Portraits by Cuthbert Orde Recently Published
in "Pilots of Fighter Command"



S/Ldr. A. C. Deere, D.F.C.

Al Deere made a tremendous reputation for himself in the Battle of Britain. His whole attitude towards air-fighting is an inspiration to those flying with him. He is utterly fearless, and has already been shot down seven times. Before the war he was a member of the famous New Zealand "All Blacks" team, and for two years middle-weight champion of the Air Force



Wing Cdr. J. Rankin, D.S.O., D.F.C.

"Jamie" Rankin is recognised as one of the great leaders in Fighter Command. Before the war he was in the Fleet Air Arm, but in July 1939 he transferred to Training Command as an instructor. He succeeded Michael Robinson as leader of the Biggin Hill wing. He has all the qualities of a great leader—judgment, dash, imperturbability and unselfishness



Wing Cdr. P. H. Hugo, D.F.C.

Hugo is a South African. Before the war he was a pupil at the Air-Fighting School, where he proved the outstanding pupil of his course. His quiet and reserved manner hides great ability and determination. His character is unimpaired by the smallest pettiness or self-interest. On being promoted to S/Ldr., he commanded No. 41 Squadron at Marston, beating-up enemy shipping in the Channel in a four-cannon Hurricane



S/Ldr. C. B. F. Kingcome, D.F.C.

"Brian Kingcome was not the leader, but he was certainly the ringleader of 92 Squadron when first I knew it in its great days at Biggin Hill," writes Cuthbert Orde, in his "Pilots of Fighter Command." "He, Bob Holland and Tony Bartley made a trio that was difficult to keep pace with." Brian now has a Bar to his D.F.C.



S/Ldr. H. S. L. Dundas, D.F.C.

"Cocky" Dundas joined 616 Auxiliary Squadron immediately on leaving school, and was in action with it the whole of the summer and autumn of 1941. He flew next to Bader on the "daily bus service" to France, bagged his quota of Huns, got shot up once or twice himself and was given the D.F.C. on his twenty-first birthday



S/Ldr. P. H. M. Richey, D.F.C.

Paul Richey is the author of "Fighter Pilot," one of the war's best-sellers. He has just returned to a southern airfield with his Squadron, the crack West Riding Auxiliary Squadron, which was the first R.A.F. unit to destroy 100 enemy aircraft. Richey has shot down eleven enemy aircraft and damaged many more. Before joining the West Riding Squadron, he fought in France with the famous No. 1 Squadron and was awarded the Belgian Croix de Guerre

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Big Fences—Jumping Of—Rules For . . .

THESE is one sovereign rule for minimising the risk of a broken neck: "Keep your chin well down and your eyes well up! Always look a foot above and never at the roots!" There is always this also to be borne in mind: that the horse in front is usually never as fresh as you may think that he is. Also never forget the maxim of the sage, Duc De La Rochefoucauld, one that every jockey ought to be compelled to learn by heart—

On n'est jamais si heureux ni si malheureux qu'on s' imagine.

Not "Das Herrenvolk," but "Die Völker"

HERE is more illuminating evidence. It is the diary of an Unter-offizier, named Ragge, of the 158th Regiment, and contains (under date October 21st, 1914) the following: "Wir verfolgten den Gegner soweit wir ihn sahen. Da haben wir machen Engländer abgeknallt. Die Engländer lagen wie gesäht am Boden. Die noch lebenden Engländer im Schutzengraben wurden erstochen oder erschossen. Unsere Komp. machte 61 Gefangene."

Which may be translated: "We pursued the enemy as far as we saw him. We 'knocked out' many English. The English lay on the ground as if sown there. Those of the Englishmen who were still alive in the trenches were stuck or shot. Our company made 61 prisoners."

Lost His Jacket

THE jockey's name is von Bock, and he has been compelled to cease riding for the stable by an owner who, like many another before him, never having ridden anything fiercer than a rocking-horse, is convinced that he could win the race from a safe seat in the grand-stand. I feel sure that von Bock must now be remembering the story of the defeated jockey who, when asked by the infuriated owner: "Why didn't you come away when I told you to?" replied "Because I couldn't

come without the sanguinary horse!" There was once a chap like this whom I knew, who said, after his jockey had got up in the last few strides and won by a head: "You nearly gave me a heart attack! If you had done what I told you, you would have won cantering." What he told that jockey was something like this: "Now, you've got a packet of weight, so for the first mile I don't want you to be nearer up than ten lengths from the leader; for the second mile you can close the distance to five lengths; four fences from home I want you to be fourth; at the second from home go upsides, and then come away on your own over the last one and home as soon as you like!" Well, the owner did not, and could not, know at what pace furlong by furlong that contest was going to be run. He had worked it all out quite beautifully on paper. As things turned out in the actual battle, the pace was an absolute stinger from the start, and if the jockey had attempted to join in the party as early as the owner said he ought to do, he would most probably have finished a head behind the last one. As it was, he had the sense to sit and suffer and refrain from asking his horse to feel every ounce of the big weight one split second before it was absolutely necessary to put Fortune to the touch.

Racing in 1943

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club have issued a necessarily guarded statement, included in the preamble of which they say that they "hope to arrange," and "if racing should still be continued," etc. Nothing more sinister need be read into this than "if for any reason active land operations are in progress . . ." I fear that more than this has been read into the announcement, and that some people believe that the Stewards have received a private intimation from Government sources that the closure is to be applied to all racing for the duration. This impression has been strengthened in the minds of some people by the ban upon



Well-known Sportsman Married

Captain A. S. G. Thompson, International golfer and Blackheath Rugger player, was married recently to Miss Dorothy Arnot, of Edzele, Angus. Captain Thompson is now a Staff Officer at A.A. Command Headquarters

jump-racing for season 1942-43. I am given to understand that these fears are groundless. It would be only natural that if we happen to be at any time fighting like rats in a pit with either an enemy air-borne raiding force, or with an invading army, everything that would in any way hamper the movement of troops and military operations in general would have to be shut down, and this would apply not only to racing. It would not, for instance, be feasible to play an International Soccer match like the recent one, even with an air umbrella such as was provided on the occasion under reference, the first time in history, I should think, that any game has been played under such conditions. It was quite necessary, of course, because 75,000 people, plus the actual performers, constituted an inviting target for any snooping enemy plane. I am suggesting that if any racing and so forth is going to be interfered with, it will be somewhere overseas.

The Late Major Desmond Miller

THE death of Major D. C. J. Miller at the early age of thirty-nine is, I feel, as much deplored by everyone who knew him as it is by



Johnson, Oxford

Oxford Has a Ball in Aid of the Y.M.C.A.

Oxfordshire has set itself the task of raising £5000 towards the cost of providing more Y.M.C.A. huts for the Services. A gift shop has been opened in the town and a ball was held recently to aid the appeal. Lady Hurst, chairman of the Shop Committee, is seen above at the ball with her daughter, Pamela, and Mr. Derek Bolsover



McGuirk, Worcester

Worcestershire County Rally of the W.L.A.

Members of the Women's Land Army held a County Rally at the Guildhall, Worcester, early this month. In the group above are Mr. R. H. Summer, chairman of the W.A.E.C.; Miss Collis, winner of cup for most points in the show; Mrs. T. C. H. Lea, chairman of the Worcester branch of the W.L.A.; Miss Jackson, winner of prize for fruit and vegetables; and the Earl of Dudley, the Regional Commissioner

his brother-officers in the 17th/21st Lancers, past and present. Desmond Miller was a connecting-link in 17th Lancer polo history, for his father, the late Lieut.-Colonel E. D. Miller, was in that fine 17th team of 1888 and 1889 (the others being the late Lord Ava, B. P. Portal, now the Hon. Sir Bertram Portal, an uncle of Lord Portal, owner of the Leger winner of last year, and R. G. Renton), and Major D. C. J. Miller was in the 17th/21st Lancers side, which linked up with the immortal 17th Lancers team (T. P. Melvill, H. B. Turnor, V. N. Lockett and D. C. Boles), because Lieut.-Colonel Vivian Lockett was in that 17th/21st Lancer team of 1930 of which young Desmond Miller was the No. 2, the others being R. B. B. Cooke, the late H. C. Watford, and, as just stated, Colonel Lockett. This as a connecting-link I should think is unbeatable. The regimental and linked regimental polo record, which now can never be beaten, may be useful for someone's scrap-book as a memento of happier days which now seem very far away, so here it is:

17th Lancers: *India*—1888, 1889, 1913, 1914; *Rhine*—1919; *England*—1903, 1904, 1920, 1921, 1922.

17th/21st Lancers: *England*—1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1928, 1929, 1930.

In 1927 they were beaten 7 to 6 in the final by a Royal Artillery team. It is a quite amazing record. The late Colnel Ted Miller and his brother Charles, for many years the directing genius of Roehampton, were also mainstays of that historic Rugby team, which had very few equals in the heyday of its existence. Poor young Desmond was buried at Rugby, where his mother, for whom the deepest sympathy is felt, still lives in that heart of one of the best sporting centres in all England. I am sufficient optimist to believe with Mr. Oliver Lyttelton that some day, come soon or come late, this old land of ours will yet once again be Merrie England, but not too merrie to commit the fatal mistake of failing to keep its powder-dry! I hope that we shall see the good man mend his armour and trim his helmet's plume whilst his good wife's shuttle merrily goes flashing through the loom, but I equally hope that we shall never again forget that a sharp sword is the best life insurance policy.

Future Champions?

OF four of his Majesty's colts which have now arrived at Freemason Lodge from Egerton House, three are particularly fashionably-bred, for one is by Hyperion, another by



D. R. Stuart

F/Lt. Martin and Mrs. Wheatcroft

F/Lt. R. Martin is the Canadian Davis Cup player. He is with Mrs. Wheatcroft, perhaps better remembered as Christabel Hardy, the Middlesex County player. "Laddie" Wheatcroft is now in the U.S.A.



Officers of an R.A.F. Wellington Bomber Squadron

D. R. Stuart

Left to right (back row): F/Os. C. W. Street, A. C. Douglas, P/O. J. K. Climie, F/Os. F. K. Sandys, C. K. Hill, F/Lt. N. D. Greenway, P/O. E. P. Williams, F/O. G. A. Bere, P/Os. G. R. L. Heywood, N. E. Hodson, J. J. Manson, A. A. Frazer, F/O. R. B. Walker (Med.), P/O. J. F. Fisher. Sitting: P/Os. R. Leggett, F. W. Green, F/O. J. Healey, F/Lt. W. J. Mitchell (Adjutant), S/Ldr. P. J. R. Kitchin, Wing Cdr. R. Saveroy-Cookson, D.S.O., D.F.C., S/Ldr. R. J. Newton, P/Os. P. W. Wilson, N. G. Errington, H. J. Carter. S/Ldr. Kitchin has recently been reported missing



H.R.H. the Princess Royal with Officers of the Royal Corps of Signals

This photograph was taken on the occasion of the visit of H.R.H. the Princess Royal to the unit. Front row: Capt. R. G. Browning, Major R. G. Coates, Sub. M. M. James, the Commanding Officer, H.R.H. the Princess Royal, the C.S.O. Western Command, Jun. Cdr. M. C. Hopkins, Major D. H. Cunyngame, Sub. J. A. Arnold, Capt. J. W. Dalgleish. Middle row: 2nd Lt. A. J. Caraffi, Lt. T. J. Rowe, Capt. M. F. Holliday, N. Horner, Lts. V. E. Deamon, A. C. Shenton, Capt. G. Wray, J. C. Adam, Lt. B. E. Hayles, 2nd Lt. S. Thomas. Back row: 2nd Lts. W. Liversidge, K. T. Warriner, B. D. White, W. T. Taylor

Fairway and a third by Mieux-ce. I do not know what the other one is, but I hear that these three look as good as their pedigrees, and if this is so, we ought to hear from them when next season comes round. These four colts are not leased, but the King's own property. I never thought of Minoru's Derby win quite in the same way as I did of those by Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, because the former was only leased from the Tully Stud exactly as were Big Game and Sun Chariot.

Naval Waste

IT has been officially stated by officers of one of his Majesty's ships bringing Italian prisoners of war to some place of lodgment that they were absolutely staggered when provided with soap for washing purposes. This is readily understandable, but at the same time it seems to me to have been rather a wasteful procedure and also an inhuman interference with their more usual mode of life. My reading of the works of the late-lamented Mark Twain tells me that these people infinitely prefer scratching. It will be recalled that M.T. said that they are so very easy-going, that if they miss the flea they are after, they are quite content with the next one.

War Rumour

THERE is one to the effect that Herr Rudolf Hess has declined a cordial invitation to visit Stalingrad as a guest of the Government of the U.S.S.R. It is further said that no impediments whatever were placed in his way by the Government of Great Britain, under whose roof he is making a stay of an unspecified duration.

Hey Diddle Diddle . . .

THE rest of the line in this intriguing poem is "the cat and the fiddle," and later it goes on to tell us how the cow jumped over the moon—a feat which made a little dog laugh! It is all very charming and innocent. If anyone reads it out without any kind of a gusty pronunciation—in the usual manner, in fact—it would not attract any attention at all. Suppose, however, that someone read it like this: "Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," or "Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle." Though the general sense would not be altered, it might not be quite so innocent; it might be, for instance, that an emphasis on the second "diddle" would tell anyone who knew the answers that it meant a group of figures which, when coupled with the emphasised "cat," would be capable of expansion into an interesting story.

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Cads and Super-Cads

WHAT'S IN IT FOR WALTER? by Frank Tilsley (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is a book of which you may like and hate every page. In fact, so relentlessly is its vitality, so disconcerting its naturalness, so close to your eye come its men and women, that you might feel it was hardly a book at all. This is the effect at which most novelists aim, but it takes Mr. Tilsley's consummate skill to achieve it. What you may hate, or at least dread, is the author's dispassionate truthfulness: he appears to know every twist and slither of which the human conscience is capable. And Jack, Walter, Freda, Margaret and Joe, though apparently dominated, quite simply, by greed, vanity, love of power or lust, are creatures of conscience, under the skin. Another thing, and another cause for discomfort—they are more like you and me than one could wish.

The exception to the rule of conscience is Joe, a thoroughgoing bad man if you like it, though by far the most civilised of the seaside pack. The scene is an English holiday camp ("Castles'") at the height of a summer season, before the war. Those who associate camping with simple jollity only, will have much to learn from the background of *What's in It for Walter?* To begin with, this was camp life de luxe: no question of sleeping under canvas; each of the coquettish, green-roofed chalets was complete with large mirrors, box-spring beds and running "h. and c." To the city of chalets was added, among other attractions, a floodlit swimming-pool, a Moorish bar and the Rendezvous dancing hall, with its band and crooner. (Margaret is the crooner, Walter the band pianist, Jack the dance-hall manager, Freda the resident swimming belle, chosen largely for figure, and Joe, the blond, wavy-haired Jew, the only one of the visitors who plays in the plot at all a prominent part.) The camp commands a handsome piece of the coastline, a beach for sun-bathers, the blue sea. It is a success—can one wonder?

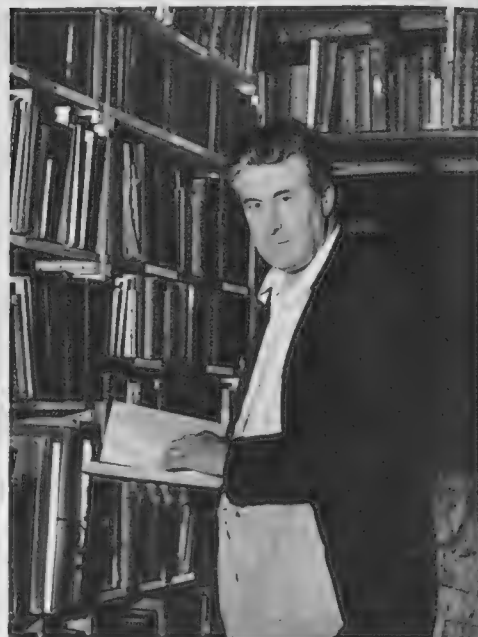
The Rendezvous dance-hall, however, has not been doing too well: Mr. Castles has begun to comment on this, and Jack has begun to worry. The result of Jack's worry has been a big idea: he prevails on Walter to undertake a piano marathon. Walter, that is to say, is to play the piano, non-stop, for a hundred hours on end. The stunt is to be widely publicised: Jack is already in touch with all the papers, and (or so he claims) the movie men. He predicts world fame for Walter, a boom for the Rendezvous and glory, in general, for Castles' Camp.

Walter has agreed to the marathon on the understanding that it shall be a fake: Jack has sworn to arrange for another man to take his place, in the night hours, at the piano. But, unhappily, a suspicious journalist circumvents this by constantly snooping around. The horror of his position begins to dawn on Walter as the endless hours

go on and on. His vanity has been manœuvred by Jack's greed; his misgivings have now to be staved off by Jack's glib lying. To top the misery, Walter is losing Freda, with whom he was at the height of an affair. Freda, who had not been warned of the marathon, is furious at being jilted for a piano. In this mood, she falls a prey to the high-class, verbal and artfully protracted seductions of Joe. Margaret, the sharp-tongued, disillusioned North Country girl, proves an unexpected ally to the despairing Walter. She has despised him, he has disliked her, but a queer, realistic relationship grows between them as, day in, day out, she supports him in his ordeal.

The Rendezvous boom Jack foresaw does happen, and, as manager, he sneaks a nightly cut from the till. On the exploited Walter, his non-stop playing begins to have the effect of psycho-analysis: everything in him, in his past, comes out—through his talks to Margaret, through the music he plays. Without ever exactly liking Walter—whose vanity, weakness and self-deception are as evident to oneself as they are to Margaret, one becomes desperately anxious that he should have his triumph. This is the one thing he has ever stuck to; this may be the one big thing he has brought off. . . . Meanwhile, the sun blazes away outside the dance-hall, or there are amorous, full-moon nights. Freda, who thought she was proof against any man, finds herself stirred to the depths of the soul by Joe. And Jack, though not for emotional reasons, also finds himself in an increasing predicament.

One might write off these characters as a worthless pack—and certainly, at the first glance,



Sea Serpent-Typewriter Expert

Commander Rupert Thomas Gould, R.N. (retd.), is the latest expert to join the distinguished ranks of the Brains Trust. His interests are wide and range from a deep knowledge of sea-serpents, Loch Ness monsters and such-like to a technical enthusiasm for collecting ancient typewriters and a boyish desire to take to pieces all forms of mechanism that come within his reach and see how they work. This picture of Commander Gould was taken in the study of his Wiltshire home

Margaret is the only sterling soul among them. Yet streaks of decency, of generosity, even of heroism, have appeared in each before the novel is done. This is human nature, like it or not—and, most of all, English human nature, with that faculty for sticking things out. Mr. Tilsley's ruthless comedy is not without a message.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I WISH I were rich enough to have my own Brains Trust. Not, of

course, in the house, but next door. In the home, "heart" is easier to live with; but "brains" within half a mile are delightful. ("Liver" I can supply myself—thank you enormously!) There are so many questions which arise during the day with which I should love to bombard a Brains Trust. They are not of universal interest, like "How do flies take-off from a ceiling?"—which, according to the B.B.C., thrilled its 40,000,000 listeners more than any other problem—but to me they are of interest; and, for the life of me, I cannot answer one of them!

Why, to give but one example, are general manners bad in one locality and charming in another? So that, metaphorically speaking, one is helped on a bus in Bradford and pushed off it in Bournemouth? While, say, in Ashby-de-la-Zouch one may have to promise to buy the business at the owner's valuation in order to get some tobacco, in Ashton-under-Lyne refusal is accompanied by a facial expression on the verge of tears. Is it the air? Is it the scenery? Is it a local tradition? What is it?

Of course, there are always some general principles to go by. One is, I have discovered, that, where a great many business people have retired to spend their twilight years in villa splendour and two maids—if they can get 'em—here, for a surety, whatever you require will amount to a plea, and be accorded as a condescension. Nowadays, where evacuated people are massed and munition workers flourish, you will live

By Richard King

in a perpetual front line of defence. And this goes still for almost any place where elderly ladies predominate and love is symbolised in a fat dog. Even so, one cannot depend upon these general rules. Nevertheless, there must be a reason for all this, because the inhabitants of so many places are notoriously kindly, while others are notoriously rude. And always I am left wondering—Why?

Maybe any sudden prosperity is bad for manners. A little power, too, will sometimes shatter the most inoffensive nature. While it has been my experience that any consciousness of political equality is certain to prove it by pouncing on the only vacant seat and an inability to say "thank you." Non-combatant uniforms can go quite easily to certain heads; even grey-haired ones. So what will happen when the war is over, and that horrid sleuth in life, one's own level, eventually catches up with us, I cannot imagine! There will certainly be oceans of rampant fury raging around. As for discontent—that goes without saying. Frustration, in all its conscious and unconscious aspects, is the motive-force behind many a frigid attitude and a deliberate kick. So I am hoping that, when Government posters no longer command us to use less fuel and eat more potatoes, they may employ some of my salvage to urge less busyboding and more politeness. I can conceive no Christian democracy worth living in which does not insist on Christian manners, even above faith, and a great deal higher than adult suffrage.

High. Cost of a Hobby

MR. JOHN P. MARQUAND is an ambidextrous writer. To one of his hands we owe those slow, masterly, subtle novels that analyse old New England society and the foibles of the Harvard man—*The Late George Apley*, *Wickford Point*, *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*. To his other hand we are—I think as much—indebted for a series of swift, brilliant mystery-stories and the creation of Mr. Moto, that sympathetic Jap whom he must now, I suppose, liquidate for the duration of the war. This double power, or double vein, in a novelist seems to me as admirable as it is rare.

Ming Yellow (Robert Hale; 7s. 6d.) falls into the mystery-story, or thriller, class. In this, it maintains the Marquand level: there are vivid and beautiful scene-drawing, sharp-edged dialogue, subtle characterisation, comedy, a sinister undertone. The scene is China, before the Japanese marched in. The story opens in Peking, with the arrival of a touchy, determined American millionaire, his daughter and her dumb and muscular suitor—one of Mr. Marquand's excellent college types. Old Mr. Newall, his collector's

(Concluded on page 120)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



K. & J. Cole

Liddell — Robertson

Captain S. R. Liddell, only son of the late John Liddell, and of Mrs. Liddell, of Falkirk, and Myra Elizabeth Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Atholl Robertson, were married at St. George's Presbyterian Church, London, N.



Bennett — Lane

Edward Francis Bennett, A.C.A., of the Colonial Service, Freetown, Sierra Leone, only son of Mrs. Bennett, of Chelwood Gardens, Richmond, and Denise Evelyn Lane, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lane, of Elers Road, Ealing, were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington



Bennett — Anderson

Captain Peter W. Bennett, 48th Highlanders of Canada, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. James Bennett, of Valleycrest, York Mills, Toronto, married Mrs. Ann Anderson, of Woolleys, Hambleden, Henley-on-Thames, at the Savoy Chapel



Halfhead — Byng-Morris

Captain Norman Halfhead, The Buffs, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Halfhead, of Godden Grange, Sevenoaks, married Daphne Veronica Byng-Morris, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Byng-Morris, of Cedar House, Marloes Road, W., at the Savoy Chapel



Gillibrand — Sennett

Lieut. Raymond Gillibrand, R.N.V.R., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gillibrand, of Carlton Llanwrttyd, Breconshire, married Joan Eleanor Sennett, elder daughter of Paymaster Captain and Mrs. R. G. Sennett, of Cambridge, and The Garden House, Upper Drive, Hove, at St. Wulfran's, Ovingdean



G. Bushell

Ball — McDonald

F/Lt. A. H. W. Ball, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of Captain and Mrs. Ball, of Inverness, and Nan McDonald, daughter of the late Allan McDonald and Mrs. Craft, of Henley-on-Thames, were married at Trinity Church, Henley-on-Thames



Kinloch-Jones — Coit

Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. T. Kinloch-Jones were married at St. Thomas's Church, Fifth Avenue, New York, in August. The bride is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Coit, and she is a cousin of Sir Stafford Cripps



Tritton — Round

Sub-Lieut. A. Michael Tritton, R.N.V.R., son of the late A. F. Tritton and Mrs. Tritton, of Ferrises, Woolhampton, and Joanna Round, daughter of Major and Mrs. C. Round, of Birch Hall, Colchester, were married at Birch, Colchester



F. B. Barker

Daley — Miller

Raymond Daley, son of Dr. and Mrs. Allen Daley, of London, and Alison Renée Crawford Miller, daughter of the Very Rev. Principal J. Harry Miller and Mrs. Miller, of St. Andrew's, Fife, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 105)

who live there while her husband, Commander Bentinck, is on active service. He is a "regular" sailor, like his father, Admiral Sir Walter Bentinck, having been in the Navy since he left school.

In Park Lane

MISS "BOO" BRAND, very smart in her dark-green tunic and breeches, a colour which suits her red hair so well, stopped her motor-bike in Park Lane to talk to her step-sister, Mrs. Fiske. Captain Eric Rutter and his wife were in the Dorchester; he is now working at the War Office. Another soldier there, but in mufti, was Major Charles Taylor, M.P.; he is one of the M.P.s that officers and men alike have to thank for any rise in Army pay and allowances; he has always championed their cause in Parliament and has very sound practical knowledge. He told me his elder brother Harold, who is a brilliant surgeon, is serving with our forces in the Middle East, where he has been for two years. At the outbreak of war he served as surgeon on the Emergency Medical Service of the Ministry of Health. In the last war Harold Taylor served as a surgeon-probationer in the R.N.V.R.

Twelve Ounces Only This Month

BUYING my chocolate ration in a well-known Bond Street shop, I met a cheery family party: it was the Duchess of Buccleuch and her two eldest children, Lady Elizabeth Scott and Lord Dalkeith. Lady Elizabeth was looking very pretty in her Wren's uniform, wearing one of the original round hats with a brim well on the back of the head. Her brother Johnnie was also in naval uniform. He is just nineteen, very proud of his bell bottoms, and thoroughly enjoying the life as an A.B. He has not followed in his father's footsteps, as the present Duke of Buccleuch went into the Grenadier Guards in the last war. The Duchess is very proud of her "nautical" family; it is difficult to believe she is the mother of such a grown-up family.

Allied Forces Party

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook gave a very successful party at the All-Services Canteen Club recently. The Yugoslav Prime Minister was there, talking to Marie, Lady Leigh; so was Captain Callum, U.S.A., wearing innumerable decorations; Colonel Lombard and Colonel Richard, of the Fighting French; and the Czechoslovak Ambassador to Great Britain with his English wife. I also saw M. Masaryk; the Swedish Naval Attaché, Count Oxenstierna, and his wife, and Prince Bertil of Sweden, who is half-English through his mother, the late Princess Margaret of Connaught. Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Mrs. Warren Pearl with her daughter Audrey, the Hon. Mrs. Fergus Macnaghten (one of Mrs. Cook's regular helpers in the canteen), Lady McClean and Lady Hodder-Williams were some of those who were enjoying this pleasant break for war workers.

Mayor's Party

THE Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Councillor and Mrs. Stanley Edgson, have enjoyed their year of office so much that they gave a farewell party recently. I met the Brazilian Ambassador there with his wife, Dona Isabel Moniz de Aragao; also the Egyptian Ambassador, while the imposing figure of the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar could not be missed. Lord and Lady Leathers were there; M. Bech; Colonel Tang, from the Chinese Embassy, and Mme. Tang; the Rt. Hon. Mr. Bruce and Mrs. Bruce; Rear Admiral Kirk, of the U.S. Navy; Mme. Marie-Louise-Arnold; Mme. Lall, wife of the Indian Deputy Commissioner; and Colonel Claude Black.



A Downing Street Tea-Party

Councillor C. H. Mason, Mayor of Doncaster, and his wife had tea with Mrs. Winston Churchill at 10, Downing Street recently. The occasion was that of the presentation by the Mayor of a cheque for £3000 collected by the people of Doncaster for Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund. The cheque had the place of honour on the tea-table

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

appetite sharpened by rivalry with another millionaire, Mr. Rodney wants to buy Ming Yellow, the Imperial yellow porcelain of the reign of Suen-té. His tastes are known in advance. At the Peking hotel he is therefore awaited by the American Rodney Jones, journalist, who though mainly out for a story, is himself not ignorant of Ming Yellow, and by Philip Liu, the inscrutable young Chinese, with his faultless flow of English and his American clothes. Rodney has reason to think that Philip is up to something—which, indeed, as the narrative proves, he is.

Rodney becomes involved with the Newall party, largely through falling for the lovely, difficult Mel. Against his own judgment and the advice of his Chinese servant, he agrees to accompany and, indeed, take charge of, an expedition up country, through bandit-infested regions, to the small town of Ho Hsien. Here General Wu, Philip's uncle, at war (at least, so they say) with the bandits, holds pieces of the unparalleled Ming for sale.

The General is a tough customer, Philip a slippery one. Suspicion and tenseness set the tone of the journey, and Rodney still less likes the look of things in Ho Hsien. The General's feast for his visitors is a masterpiece—his way of disposing of one of the singing-girls might be the envy of many elderly military men who have been annoyed by crooners. But the girl was young, the spikes of the rock garden sharp, and the party's nerves became even more on edge. Paul's (the dumathlete) determination to go swimming precipitates the climax. Rodney has seen ahead. The deserted temple, in whose courtyard so much happens, is one more of Mr. Marquand's superb bits of atmosphere. All through, there has been interplay between the travellers—rivalries, rows, unexpected alliances. How much of a snake is Philip?—whom all the same, you keep liking. One is given a dozen different aspects of "face." . . . *Ming Yellow* is, as you may see, a good deal more than a thriller: it does not depend on excitement—though there is so much of this. You may race through it to see what is going to happen. You will then find you want to read it through slowly, again.

Our Theatre

MR. GRAHAM GREENE's study of *British Dramatists* ("Britain in Pictures" Series; Collins; 4s. 6d.) has a framework of acute and serious thought. He shows the rise and fall of values in English drama in relation to—in fact, as the outcome of—changing English history. The dramatists are very boldly judged. Some of the judgments (or, in case is Sheridan) may come as a shock to the pious reader. Myself, I found Mr. Graham Greene's tone refreshing: he breaks up some of the schoolroom values that have been accepted too meekly, I think.

He has apportioned extremely wisely the space this format allows him, keeping pages of his first-rate writing either for single dramatists who deserve it, or for analysis of the tendencies of main groups. He is excellent on the subject of Webster; he discusses Marlowe, though not with an unfair briefness; he discusses Shakespeare as dramatist as distinct from the poet; he is to the point about Ben Jonson, has an eye for Dryden as "the great organiser", of the period that followed the Jacobean; likes Vanbrugh, and salutes, though with a reserve of feeling, Congreve's "thin and perfect talent." Those three approve "clean" plays of the late eighteenth century—*The School for Scandal*, *The Rivals*, *She Stoops to Conquer*—rouse him to an impatience that he finds hard to check, and which, I must say, he does justify by a brilliant show-up of their weaknesses.

He emphasises the strong, ritualistic element in drama—this religious in origin, for it began in the churches. Religious and morality plays were shifted from church to churchyard, churchyard to market-place. To an edict against the performance of plays in the market-place was owed the building of the first theatres. Mr. Greene shows how the evolution of theatre-building influenced the form of the drama. The great first strength of the drama (most evident in the Elizabethan days) was that it was, above all, a popular art. The Puritan closing of theatres made a regrettable break in this. When the Restoration brought the theatre back to being, it had become an expensive toy and dramatists catered only for the sophisticates. This upper-class tendency has, as Mr. Graham Greene sees it, declined to a gentleness that he deplors.

Berlin on the Eve

"CITY OF LIES," by Clarence Winchester (Collins; 7s. 6d.), is a well-built and vital thriller, featuring those Three Modern Musketeers—Boots, Arrow and Wally—already dear to readers of *Three Men in a Plane*. This time the trio moves from Madeira to immediately pre-war Berlin, on the tracks of the leopard-like, subtle Skuda, that international mystery-man. The possibilities of the story are to be guessed at—and I may say that they fully realise themselves. Intrigue and Nazi bloodshed heighten in bars and dives, and are made more sinister by the well-lit corridors of the Eden and the Adlon hotels.

Too Many Women

OF Robert Raynald, who died so suddenly, the reader might say, as did Superintendent Mallett, "I only knew him after he was dead." . . . *Requiem for Robert*, by Mary Fitt (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), is a queer, violent tale of family drama, unwound, in a series of monologues, after its culmination in Robert's death. A mother, a wife, a daughter, a sinister French half-cousin—all play their parts. A burnt-out manor looms in the background. Decidedly, too many women and too much feeling surrounded the Squire's tortuous path.



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Figures

THE lust for living space may afflict the aircraft of the future. Those who write about coming developments certainly think so, and there is almost a competition between them as to who can think of the widest and weightiest machine. The brains of the seers are bulging with bigness. If Major de Seversky in one of his challenging statements talks about aircraft of 100 tons gross weight, Mr. Ziff will reply with aircraft of 300 tons. And so it goes on, the aerial giants growing with alarming swiftness in the minds of those who visualise them.

Eventually we come to the stage when every actual aircraft is a disappointment compared with the mental ones. After reading about the 10,000-ton flying-boats of the future, with their swimming-pools, dance-floors, gymnasiums and sports palaces, it is a fearful shock to contemplate a little toy like the 70-ton Martin Mars or the Soviet six-engined L-760. But it is the inevitable tendency of the prophetic writer to run before he can walk and to fly before he can run. It is easier, on the whole, to add three noughts to a figure than to make a mouse-trap. Aspirations are all very well; but there should be among those who determine policy a full appreciation of the gap between the figures given by the prophets and seers and the figures achieved by the practical engineers.

United Notions

IN the distribution of information about the air war there is scope for much misunderstanding. The reason is that there is as yet no combined war information staff. I feel sure that such a staff is needed. In aviation in particular

there are so many things, aircraft performance figures being but one of them, on which authoritative statements are required. If there are discrepancies, and if writers are left to make their own guesses, the result is inevitably confusion or conflict.

One of the good things about the Air Ministry's pre-war publicity was that it was positive and precise. When an aircraft had been removed from the secret list the Air Ministry would give the performance figures for it. And the figures it gave had the best authority in the world—namely, that of the tests performed at Martlesham Heath. Few figures can now be given. But it is advisable that there should be inter-allied agreement about those which can. It is of no advantage if the Americans say that the Spitfire does 400 miles an hour if we, shortly afterwards, say that it only does 350. It is no advantage if we say that the Fortress does 300 miles an hour if the Americans afterwards say it does 250. All kinds of complicated results occur. Those who have been trying to look at American aircraft in a favourable light are confused—or Americans trying to emphasise the excellence of British machines are rebuffed.

Wood-and-Wire Bombers

THE story printed in the Soviet news service bulletins about the light aeroplane bombers used against the Germans around Stalingrad was interesting. It illustrates once more that when the pressure of war rises beyond a certain point



After the Christening

The baby daughter of Pilot Officer and Mrs. Frank Fisher was christened Elizabeth at St. George's, Hanover Square, recently. Mr. Frank Fisher was for some years the general manager of the May Fair Hotel. He married Miss Norah Greenhalgh in June last year.

improvisation always steps in.

When, at the beginning of the war, Coastal Command found themselves overwhelmed with work, they stuffed the dear old Ansons full of guns and turned into what they called the "secret weapon." It did some excellent work as a sort of long-range "fighter" and actually shot down more than one real fighter.

It was also obvious that supposing the threatened German invasion had been tried in 1940 it might have been necessary to provide an additional bomber force for helping the main force to deal with the enemy barges and troops.

Things like Tiger Moths might have been turned into midget bombers and might have been useful in such an emergency.

There has always been a case for the simplest kind of wood-and-wire bomber; but the case is restricted. Such

a machine must work within much narrower limits than the specialised aircraft, and its hitting power is but a small fraction of that of the highly-developed machine.

Nevertheless, it is cheap to build, easy to repair without special implements, and usually easy to fly.

In fact, examination of the use of such machines in emergencies as at Stalingrad suggests that there might be a case for the acceptance as a part of regular air force equipment of a sort of auxiliary bombing force composed of simple, cheap, small machines. It is really an offshoot of the Stuka idea.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. Brooke



Among those who are not only advocating but helping women to use the smallest amount of her preparations to the greatest advantage is Elizabeth Arden. With this object in view she has designed the moulder, an illustration of which appears above. With its aid the manipulative movements given in her salon treatments are reproduced. All that is necessary to do is to moisten a thin layer of cotton wool with Skin Tonic. If this lotion be far from plentiful then the pad may be used without it; here is, indeed, an economy. Now regarding the movements, lessons in the same are given in the London salons, instructions for doing them at home may be obtained on application to 25, Old Bond Street; they are perfectly simple. Furthermore, well worth studying, are the economy hints which show the best way to make the Arden preparations last a lengthened period. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that there are only a limited quantity of these—the quota is responsible for this to a certain extent

A dress in Debenham & Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., collection which is sure to make a good impression is the one portrayed below. It is carried out in a soft woolly material and is an elusive red carnation shade, the large buttons and gathers on the corsage are becoming and so is the belt. As will be seen the old-world bishop's sleeves with narrow cuffs have been revived. Contrasts are very much to the fore at the moment, many of the frocks have yokes in gay colours, the sleeves and dress being black—simulated gold kid has likewise its role to play, but of course it is used with the utmost discretion. Generally speaking necks are high, no doubt the designers are thinking of the cold weather, hence sleeves are long, but if short they are provided with detachable cuffs, reminiscent of those of a cook. Neither must it be overlooked that the majority of the frocks are of a non-committal character, hence they may be companioned with a long fur or other wrap coat



Well may the Marshall grade knitwear be called a coupon saver, it has gone into residence in the salons of Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street. Not only does it wear remarkably well, but it is decorative and the colour schemes attractive. A member of this family is the coat and skirt portrayed on the left, the knitting needle stripes greatly increase its charms. It will be noticed that it fits remarkably well over the shoulders, and altogether it has a slenderising effect. The pockets are practical. It has been stated by those who have gone into the subject carefully that these suits are of assistance to fuel economy. By the way, consideration has been given to women of generous proportions. Furthermore, there are an infinite variety of cashmere cardigans, twin suits and jumpers, and there are separate skirts both plain and checked



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To work for victory is not to say goodbye to charm. For good looks and good morale are the closest of allies. Today the subtle art of looking natural has come into its own again. The Yardley Complexion Powder brings that look to perfection. Its soft fineness, true skin-tone tints and delicate perfume are perfectly in harmony with the new rhythm of our daily round.

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE farmer's wife was famous for miles around for her sharp tongue, but one day she had to stop nagging. A farm horse kicked her so badly that she had to go to hospital for treatment and recovery. During her absence there was a ceaseless stream of callers at the farm.

The farmer was touched. "It's very nice of the neighbours, especially the men, to call and ask after the missus," he remarked to the servant girl.

"Aye, sir," replied the girl, "but most of them want to know if you'll sell the horse."

A WOMAN went to the fish shop and asked for a nice smoked haddock.

"How about this one, lady?" said the fishmonger's assistant.

"No," said the woman. "I don't like the look of it."

"Well, what about this one?" suggested the assistant, picking up another fish. "He's a proper Clark Gable, he is . . . look at his ears."

ACCOMPANIED by a negro driver, an American major in a motor vehicle was stopped by the sentry on guard at a cross-roads.

"Who goes there?"

"One American major, a one-ton truck of fertiliser, and one buck private."

They were allowed to proceed, but at every cross-roads they went through the same formula.

After a time the driver asked if they were likely to be stopped again.

"I guess so," replied the major.

"Well, major," said the private, "the next time we are stopped would you mind giving me priority over the fertiliser?"

THE squire's son, who had been away for several weeks, was met at the station by the groom, who looked very miserable.

"Bad news, Joe?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; the magpie's dead."

"What did he die of?"

"Too much horseflesh, sir."

"Where did it get the horseflesh from?"

"The carriage horses, sir. They died the night of the fire."

"Gracious! Has there been a fire at the house? When did it happen?"

"The night of the funeral, sir."

"Funeral? Whose funeral?"

"Your mother's, sir. She died from shock when your father died."

"What! My father, too?"

"Yes, sir. The shock of losing his money killed him."

"Good heavens!"

"Yes, sir; and the magpie's dead."

ONE of John's best friends had died, so he called on the widow to express his sympathy.

"Jim and I were friends," he said. "Isn't there something I could have as a memento of him?"

She raised her velvety brown eyes, which a few seconds before had been wet with tears.

"How would I do?" she murmured.

AT the parting of the ways one cyclist turned into a side street, and twisted round to wave a gay good-bye to his companions.

But he didn't know that during the day a temporary reservoir for fire-fighting had been erected there. His front wheel struck it, and over he went head first into the water.

As his head emerged above the surface he was not downhearted.

"What a Government!" he remarked with a grin. "Free gas-masks, free shelters, and now free baths!"



On Air Raid Duty

This picture from New York shows Gertrude Lawrence, the well-known British actress, at the wheel of the car she drives for the American Red Cross. She is also one of the organisers and workers for the "Stage-door Canteen" for the forces in New York, and has passed all her first aid examinations.

"GRACIOUS," he said, sitting down to breakfast. "I'd clean forgotten my own birthday."

His wife stared at him.

"But it isn't your birthday, dear."

"Isn't it? Then why the egg?"

"Who made these dough nuts?" asked Robinson. His wife smiled proudly.

"I did," she murmured.

"H'm," snorted her spouse. Keep the recipe—have the answer to the rubber shortage."

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There is no danger of vitamin shortage if a careful selection is made from the foods available. Vitamin A is found in carrots, green vegetables, fat fish and fish liver oil; vitamin D, though short in other foods, is abundantly available also in fish liver oil; vitamins B₁ and B₂ in National Wheatmeal bread and yeast extract; and vitamin C in garden produce such as potatoes, swedes and green vegetables.

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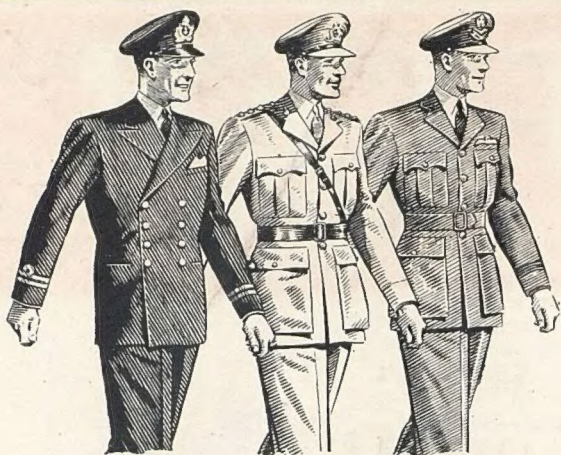
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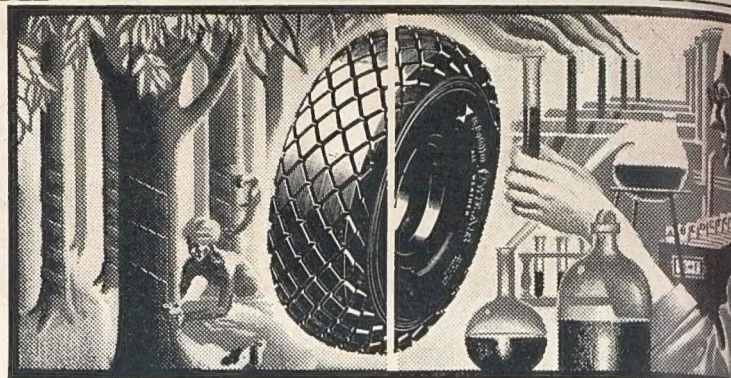
We ask your continued help in this year of greater need. It may be difficult for you to give us the usual Armistice Day Cap, but you can still help us by inviting donations on our behalf from your hunting friends. The support of hunting-people has been a tower of strength to the British Legion in the past, but it is more than ever necessary now that the need is so much greater. Remember that your gifts will help Ex-Service men and women of ALL ranks, ALL Services, and ALL Wars, their families, and the widows and children of the fallen.

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